

QUIGG POSED; ALAS, HE SPOKE!

Women Praised His Hair
but Blamed His
Politics.

"SMASH PLATT!" THEY SAID.

They Belong to a Republican
League but Are Faithful
to Seth Low.

CHEERED FOR THE EX-MAYOR.

Disconcerted, the Orator Expressed the
Opinion that Senator Platt Could
Survive the Smashing of the
Republican Party.

Lemuel Ely Quigg spoke—oh, if he could have only posed!—in the Woman's Republican Union League, of Brooklyn, in the rooms of the Young Republican Club, yesterday. In his new, brilliant clothes, he reminded one of whipped cream, orange marmalade, chocolate eclairs and other sweet things; but he spoke dismally of Low and several auditors said in unison: "Down with Platt!"

Horror! You know those meetings of Republican women that Quigg attends. Since the morning it seems as if the town were boiling, as if the thought of the orator talked in advance to minds. In the evening of his animated unto a paroxysm. Gowns and faces are radiant in the light. There is a long wait, for Quigg is always late.

Suddenly a few persons rise, separate chairs, form an aisle, and there comes an apparition in the reminiscence of which will never vanish. This it was yesterday. In the flag-draped rooms of the Young Republican Club.

Pale, ideal, softly leaning on President Kate M. Bostwick's table, lighted by a glared globe, a poetic figure dreamed, absorbed in some dolorous ecstasy. The shades of an innumerable melancholy soared over the divinely naive lines of his face. Dressed in brilliant brown, his neck encircled by a white collar and dark red cravat, with a golden pin; white as his collar, that man—was it a man?—seemed to regret bitterly the heaven from which he had descended.

Looking for His Wings.
His large, blue eyes, full of avidity for something ethereal, seemed to wish to pierce the ceiling. Apparently he was searching anxiously for his spotless wings, and if his little hands ached to be free, he would find the harp to which he sang ineffable joys.

"You would say that he was a lily transplanted in a common farmer's orchard; he will perish," said a young woman, in pale blue, whose tone was so sympathetic. "I should say, rather, that he is a lily transplanted in a common farmer's orchard; he will perish," said a young woman, in pale blue, whose tone was so sympathetic.

"I hope to see the time when women will want the ballot. I am in favor of giving it to them when they have it. I am in favor of letting women have it. I want, always, I feel so sure of the justice of the cause that I am preaching, that I am in favor of letting women have it. I want, always, I feel so sure of the justice of the cause that I am preaching, that I am in favor of letting women have it."

"The hair, parted in the middle and fluffy, of an uncertain color, gray or blond, and if blond, pale as petals of roses that his forehead so well," said one. "It gives to his youthfulness so serious an air," said another. He continued to happen, even when they seem to happen. They come from causes carefully prepared. In each one of twenty-two hundred associations of Republicans in various election districts, there are at least twenty men who are looking after the Republican machine constantly. "It is said that there are sixty thousand men at work for Republican success. Yet, we are told, that this machinery ought to be given up."

Did Quigg Buy His Teeth?
Quigg smiled, his double row of teeth, shining to piano keys, two white to be ivory, caught at the light. "Are they artificial, do you think?" asked a venerable woman in black, putting on another pair of spectacles. "Of course not," said a young woman in green, apparently her daughter, "but the girls say that Mr. Quigg's teeth are beautiful."

There was never a sentimental demonstration in New York at any time. "The Police Board fixed the things," said the police board. "The Police Board fixed the things," said the police board. "The Police Board fixed the things," said the police board.

WANTS TO HANG DURRANT.
San Quentin's Warden Moves to Dismiss the Convicted Man's Appeal.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—The Warden of San Quentin Prison has made a motion to dismiss the appeal of Theodore Durrant on the basis of a writ which was denied by the Circuit Court, also to affirm the order of the lower court. This motion will be presented to the United States Supreme Court on the first Monday in November.

Service of the brief as well as the motion to be placed before the Supreme Court was acknowledged by Attorney A. L. Hart, for Durrant. Attorney General Fitzgerald, who represents the State, will endeavor to secure a speedy decision, which he anticipates will be followed by the execution of the prisoner.

British General Visits West Point.
West Point, Oct. 5.—Lieutenant-General Barker, of the British Army, paid a visit to the post today. A salute was fired and he was shown through the various departments by Colonel Ernst. There was a grand review of the battalion of cadets given in his honor in the afternoon.

They Are Caramel and Spoke of His Alor.
"I do not know whether this is for Brooklyn or for Mr. Low. If it is for Mr. Low, I am sure that you do not favor his becoming Mayor of Greater New York by smashing the Republican party."

Why Not Smash Platt?
"Then occurred something which he could have foreseen. A bold feminine voice said, 'No, no, by smashing Platt.' And expression of this sentiment was repeated by other voices everywhere. In the room of the Young Republican Club, Mr. Platt, Mr. Quigg said, 'will sur-

round any injury done to the Republican party in New York. He is a Senator with six more years to serve. He is sixty years old and the Republican party owes to him the magnificent platform on which the last election was won. The whole effort of the Republican party west of the Alleghenies was to strangle him in the money question. Platt prevented this. Do we not owe to him the election of McKinley?"

"No, no," exclaimed several voices. "Platt is not the issue in this municipal election. Mr. Tracy stands between the city and dishonest government, which would come if Tammany Hall were returned to power. You should stand by him. He is patriotic and willing to get out of the way, if Mr. Low will, and agree on the nomination of a man like Comptroller Bliss, who could obtain the votes of all parties inimical to Tammany Hall. But Mr. Low will not get out of the way without the consent of Reynolds, whom he employs. For Reynolds is the Citizens' Union. Mr. Low's position is not even decent."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed so many voices that it seemed as if everybody was speaking. "Ladies," continued Mr. Quigg, "we could not nominate Mr. Low, because too many feelings had been hurt by him. He broke his pledge to the people when he snatched the nomination from the Citizens' Union."

There had been a meeting of the Club before Mr. Quigg's speech, in which Mrs. James Boon had said: "The first mission of women is to enroll men in the Republican ranks." Mrs. Talbot Perkins had said, "I should like to know what American homes Professor Bryce, author of the 'American Commonwealth,' has visited since he says there is no talk of politics in American homes. At our boarding-house we talk of politics three times a day," and Mrs. Butler had said, "I thought a home was a refuge from politics."

"You are right, Mrs. Butler, it ought to be a refuge from politics. The only pleasure of politics is to come here and hear how poetic Mr. Quigg is," said a pretty young woman, whose hair was like melted gold.

Greatest results at smallest cost. Try Journal "wants." *
OUTSIDERS FOR LOW.
National Municipal League Meets in Philadelphia and Resolves to Take Part in the New York Campaign.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5.—An important meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League was held in this city today. In the offices of State Representative Clinton Rogers Woodruff, the secretary of the organization, at which the Mayor's campaign in New York was discussed and a decision reached which will place the league in line with other organizations working to secure the election of Seth Low.

This action is an innovation, as the National League has never before, as a body, taken part in a city campaign. There are one hundred organizations represented in the national body, and as the outcome of the fight in New York will have, the committee reasoned, its effect on all big cities, the occasion is of importance. At the meeting were Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, chairman; Dudley Tibbitts, Troy, N. Y.; Frederick L. Siddons, Washington, D. C.; Joseph A. Miller, Providence; George A. McAnany, New York; Charles Richardson, Herbert Welsh and Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of this city.

The proposition to take part in the New York campaign came up after all the regular business had been transacted. A long discussion followed, and a decision was finally reached to take action. A subcommittee of three, of which Mr. Bonaparte is chairman, was appointed to arrange a plan. The subcommittee will report in a few days.

While declining to outline the action to be taken, a number of things, an address would be issued, calling attention to the issues involved in the campaign and the importance of electing Mr. Low.

It was Mr. Croker's first appearance at Tammany Hall since his return from England. He came upon the express invitation of Leader John C. Sheehan. The object of his presence, so both stated, was to demonstrate the falsity of reports that either he or other leaders are at loggerheads over tickets nominated or contemplated, particularly as to Senator Grady, or that any disagreement exists as to the policy to be pursued in the campaign.

Both Mr. Croker and Mr. Sheehan delivered speeches denying in most emphatic terms that they are in anything but complete accord, and Mr. Croker announced amid applause that, while he would under no circumstances again accept the leadership of the organization, he was anxious to serve in the ranks and aid Mr. Sheehan in every way to elect the Democratic candidates. Mr. Croker declared further that he proposed to drop into Tammany Hall occasionally during the canvass.

Sheehan and Croker Meet.
The reception tendered Mr. Croker just before 4 p. m. He reached the Hall just before 4 p. m. The ex-Chief was accompanied by Chairman James J. Martin, of the Executive Committee. As Mr. Croker entered the door his hand was seized first by George B. McClellan, his original choice for the Mayor's nomination. And as he passed into the room where he used to sit daily and direct the work of the organization Senator Thomas F. Grady, ex-Senator George W. Plunkitt, ex-Senator Thomas C. O'Sullivan, John F. Carroll, Senator T. D. Sullivan, William Pitt Mitchell, Senator Bernard F. Martin, and scores more of men prominent in the organization gave him a warm greeting. While Mr. Croker was engaged in acknowledging the greetings of his old friends, Mr. Sheehan himself came in. As the former and present leaders shook hands there was a vigorous hand clapping all about the room.

"This is the way Sheehan and I have broken," exclaimed Mr. Croker, and he gave the leader's hand a grip that made him wince. Mr. Sheehan smiled and took a chair beside Mr. Croker.

No Disagreement.
Every district leader was at his post, and hundreds of others crowded the lobby, the staircase, the committee rooms and the pavement when Chairman Martin seized the gavel and rapped for order. This done, Chairman Martin recognized Mr. Sheehan.

Mr. Chairman—After the call had come out yesterday afternoon for this meeting, I caused to be sent to Mr. Croker an invitation requesting him to be present here today. Mr. Croker, I presume, will always be a welcome guest, and I am satisfied that his old friends in this organization are pleased to see him here today. I believe this will give the lie to the stories that the newspapers have been publishing for some time insinuating by the enemy and talked about outside of the organization.

I have never had a disagreement with Mr. Croker, and I

CROKER AND SHEEHAN AVOW FRIENDSHIP IN THE PRESENCE OF TAMMANY CHIEFS.



Mr. Croker as He Looked Yesterday While Conferring with Tammany Leaders.

They Clasp Hands Energetically and Declare That They Have Never Disagreed—Mr. Croker Addresses the Executive Committee, Counseling Harmony and an Aggressive Fight. Predicts Victory, but Stands by Thomas F. Grady.

don't propose to have any. I respect his mature judgment. He is my friend.

I want to say that we are in the midst of an important political campaign which we will win. We have nominated a city ticket, which I believe is satisfactory to the Democrats of Greater New York, and will be supported by the people. We shall also name a good county ticket on Thursday afternoon. The only thing on all the tickets will be satisfactory in every way. By entering the fight with our own line of conduct to pursue, that is to be one way. A great victory for the organization.

Mr. Sheehan's speech was punctuated with applause, the tremendous part of it coming as he concluded.

Mr. Croker's Address.
When Mr. Croker stood up to reply the applause was increased in volume. He bowed to Chairman Martin, then to Mr. Sheehan, and delivered this address:

Gentlemen: It is hardly worth while for me to say anything in reference to the matter Mr. Sheehan has alluded to. He covered the whole ground. I do not think we ought to stoop so low as to contradict the stories that have appeared in sensational newspapers. We have only one line of conduct to pursue; that is to be true and faithful to the people and to each other. We want to have confidence in his fellow men. We are here to stand together and to work together, and you must work with confidence, energy and vigor. You must go into this campaign with dauntless courage. You have got to be aggressive.

The newspapers that are setting up these stories on alleged want of harmony in the Democratic party are aggressive. They are so because it is only by their aggressiveness that their business can be made successful. It is their business to mislead the people. That is the part of their business. They want to make the public think that there is trouble everywhere. That means the sale of papers. No one can blame the press for putting energy into its business affairs. They are doing it for the purpose of helping their interest, and to that extent they are right.

Now, gentlemen, you have got to go into your districts and talk to the people. You have got to be aggressive, and you will win easily this time. You are certain to win a great victory. You cannot stop it if you are true and faithful to the public interest and in each other. Have confidence in each other. Stand together shoulder to shoulder.

Sure of Victory.
There is no trouble in this organization that I can see. I read the papers and I know what they are saying. There is no reason for any of you to think that there is disagreement. I see that some of the papers are saying that the candidate for Mayor was nominated in a room outside of the organization. Well, so did the late Colonel John R. Feltows. I advised him to confess it publicly at a meeting held in my home.

Mr. Croker then sat down and began a whispered conversation with Mr. Sheehan. That gentleman later said: "There is no truth whatever in the reports that I have ever contemplated resigning my place in the organization."

The melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year; But a Journal ad. will make you glad And fill your heart with cheer.

IRISH BOLTING TAMMANY.
President Lyman, of the National Alliance, Denounces Croker for Backing Thomas F. Grady.

William Lyman, president of the Irish National Alliance of America, an organization that claims to be able to poll 50,000 votes in Greater New York, yesterday publicly announced his opposition to Richard Croker and to the Tammany Hall ticket. The Alliance, as a body, was anxious to secure the nomination of John F. McCarty, who defeated Edward J. Ivory for alleged conspiracy before the English courts. The nomination was defeated, however, by President Lyman declares his position as follows:

"Mr. Croker will find that he does not carry the vote of Greater New York in his vest pocket. The day is past when Tammany Hall can herd the Irish voters like sheep and vote them at its dictation. The Irish have been completely ignored by Tammany in selecting its candidates. Why? Simply because Tammany deludes itself into the belief that the Irish vote is secure no matter what may happen. Sheehan declared that they did not want the ticket all Irish. They wound up by having no Irish at all. John F. McCarty, with no knowledge by Sheehan to be the most capable man for District Attorney, and yet he was cast aside for Croker's man, Grady. It is my determination to defeat Croker and Tammany in every possible way. The Alliance is not in politics as a body, but when men like Croker attempt to degrade our people it is within our province to take action. I will support the party and the man who I believe will best serve the interests of the whole people, irrespective of creed or nationality, and I am not prepared to say at this time whether that is the Henry George party or not."

It was said yesterday that the Irish Nationalists would pretty generally endorse the candidacy of Henry George. There are seventy councils of the Alliance in Greater New York.

RECEPTION FOR ATKINSON.
Famous Bone Setter Will Display His Skill Before Eminent Doctors and Surgeons.

A reception is to be given by Professor John Atkinson, the famous bone-setter, this evening at his rooms, No. 41 West Thirty-fourth street, to which have been invited most of the leading physicians and surgeons of the city. On this occasion he is engaged in explaining his method of treatment at length.

His next public exhibition is to be given on Thursday next week. The time and place are not yet settled. All those cripples who obtained Journal tickets but failed to be treated at Grimesy's have been invited to the reception on this occasion. In discussing the alleged miraculous cures of August Schrader, Francis Schlotter and other men of that type, Professor Atkinson said in substance:

"A stimulus can be brought to bear on the mind that will make pain cease for a time. The leading cause of hysteria, which is the result of religious faith, and if this faith remains strong and active, the pain or nervous trouble may be kept from becoming permanent. In most cases, though, the results are only temporary, and in no cases do such cures go beyond the quieting of the nerves, the removal of hysteria, the kindling of the nerves. Even the strongest faith cannot replace a displaced cartilage of the knee, or set a broken limb or drive away consumption or typhoid fever."

CHRONIC THIEF AT 15.
Samuel Roberts, a Grocery Boy and Old Offender, Caught After Robbing a Janitor.

Samuel Roberts, fifteen years old, of No. 618 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, was taken to the rooms of the Gerry Society last night by the police, who caught him in the apartments of Janitor Johnson, of the flat house at No. 676 East One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street.

Young Roberts had Johnson's gold watch and some money, which he had taken out of a bureau. The boy was sent to the house to deliver some groceries and took a package of the contents of the watch to himself. He is a recognized offender and will be sent to the Elmira Reformatory.

CHARITY BEQUESTS GOOD.
The United States Court Rules Against the Heirs Who Began a Contest of Father Duggan's Will.

New Haven, Oct. 5.—The heirs of the late Rev. John H. Duggan, who began a contest of his will, have been thrown out of court by a decision against them, handed down in the United States Court today.

Other Duggan left an estate worth \$20,000, and his will provided for the establishment of a library and reading room in connection with St. Patrick's parish in Waterbury, and a Roman Catholic Protectors for boys at Hartford.

Heirs from Michigan, Ireland and Canada appeared, and at once began a contest of the will. They have failed in the first instance.

KILLED HIS WIFE'S FATHER.
Delaney, 70 Years Old, Came Home Drunk and Puffed Shot Him and Committed Suicide.

St. Louis, Oct. 5.—George P. Pfeffer, a respectable stenographer, shot and killed his father-in-law, Robert Delaney, last night, and then put an end to his own life with two bullets.

Delaney was seventy years of age and lived with his daughter and her husband. Despite his age he was in the habit of drinking beer and quarrelling with his son-in-law. Pfeffer had for years borne with the old man on account of his age.

Last night Delaney came in at ten and a quarrel with his son-in-law ensued. Suddenly Pfeffer drew a revolver and shot Delaney through the head. Hearing the shot, Pfeffer's wife rushed into the room just in time to see her husband send a bullet through his own head and another through his heart. He fell dead at her feet.

Frightened again by moans in another room, she rushed in and found her father dying from the wound. She called for a doctor, missing over the dead body of her husband in doing so. She summoned the neighbors and then fainted, and is now in a critical condition from shock. Pfeffer did not drink and was considered an exemplary young man.

Hodges in Jefferson Market Court yesterday. They were drunk and refused to pay for their drinks. Officer Winters said that in court Special Officer Winters said that Scott, one of the boys, of No. 212 West Thirty-fourth street, was a scrapper and assaulted him. The other two prisoners were James Reilly, of No. 13 East Forty-second street, and Edward Rollins, of the Streetsboro house. They were given the name of George Henderson, of No. 235 South William street, a bartender at the Barthold Hotel.

FISH AND CHUMS FINED.
Refused to Pay for Their Drinks in a Music Hall.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., and his friends, who were arrested at Weber & Fields' Music Hall, were fined \$5 each by Magistrate

SHE SANG OF LOVE BY A PARK LAKE.

Stage-Struck Mrs. Stafford's Contralto Startled a Policeman.

ESCAPED FROM AN ASYLUM

Threw Her Baby's Picture and Part of Her Clothing Into the Lake.

WAS BOUND TO BE AN ACTRESS.

Her Ambition Led to a Separation from Her Husband Who is a Son of the Rich Ink Manufacturer.

Oh come, my love; oh come, my love with me. Oh come, my love; oh come, my love with me. To the music for my.

A young woman stood in the moonlight on the banks of the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Monday night. It was past midnight. In her hand she held the picture of a baby, and to this picture she sang a love ditty in a clear contralto voice.

As she concluded the song she danced about wildly, and then with a cry she hurled the picture high above her head. It fell into the water and was lost. She threw her parasol after the picture and then her wrap and some jewelry which she wore. A police policeman saw the young woman, but, thinking she was of a party of moonlight strollers, he paid no attention to her at the time. Later he found her sleeping on a bench.

The woman's silk gown was torn and wet. The policeman thought she was some vagrant and ordered her to leave the place, threatening her with arrest. As she arose to obey the policeman she began reciting poetry.

The woman was Rene Stafford, the wife of Arthur Stafford, the son of the rich ink manufacturer. She is the daughter of the Brooklyn divine, Dr. A. Stewart Walsh, the Brooklyn divine, who was called and even at the time the Brooklyn police, aided by her relatives and friends, were searching high and low for her.

When driven from the park she staggered rather than walked to the home of Mrs. George McConnel, of No. 120 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, where she had been about a week. She had taken a room there a few days before. She rang the bell and was admitted by a servant. She called and she was taken to Police Headquarters. So fatigued was she after her long night in the park that she fell into an ambulance and took her to the asylum in Flatbush. She fell in a faint and for nearly an hour was unconscious. She had been committed to the asylum for a short time, but John's Hospital, but succeeded in making her escape from one of the nurses.

A Cherished Ambition.
Mrs. Stafford's main aim is to be due to disappointment, not being able to gratify a long cherished ambition to become an opera singer. This ambition has been the means of separating her from her husband, her baby, and almost all her friends. She is now in the asylum, refusing to shelter her on account of her eccentricities.

Mrs. Stafford was married two years ago. Her child was born a year later, and she neglected it to cultivate her voice. That led to a breach between her and her husband. Then came the separation, the wife claiming the child. Several months ago the baby was taken by some friends of the father and buried in the lake. The loss of the baby only seemed to strengthen Mrs. Stafford's stage mania. From theatre to theatre she went. She at first wanted a star part, but later she offered herself as a chorus girl. But the managers all refused to give her a place.

Mrs. Stafford had Johnson's gold watch and some money, which he had taken out of a bureau. The boy was sent to the house to deliver some groceries and took a package of the contents of the watch to himself. He is a recognized offender and will be sent to the Elmira Reformatory.

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ALL THE GIRLS SAY HIS EYES ARE BEAUTIFUL.

district. He did so, and explained that he would perhaps be unable to settle his debts unless he were elected District Attorney. Cries went up from all over the hall. "More power to ye, Colonel!" Well, the Colonel was elected, as everybody knows, was re-elected, and proved one of the best District Attorneys we ever had."

"How about Patrick Keenan for Sheriff and James P. Keating for County Clerk?" "I do not know who is to be nominated for those places. I guess the convention can be trusted to give us a winning ticket." Mr. Croker then sat down and began a

A POETIC FIGURE.

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